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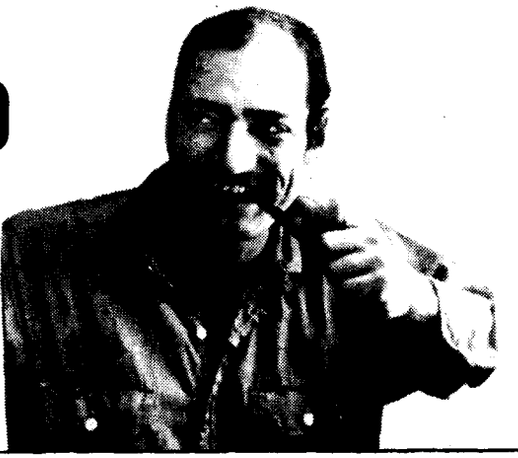
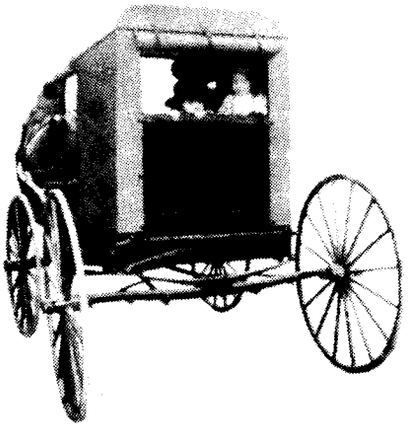
ANNE FREMANTLE **THE PRIVATE LLOYD GEORGE**
GERARD REEDY **LIVING THE JESUIT LIFE**

A LONG LOST FRIEND DIED AT ATTICA

Alias 'Mad Bomber Sam'

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ





CATHOLICS AND THE AMISH

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JIM CASTELLI

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NEWS & VIEWS

Clifford's Forecasts

The press summarized Clark Clifford's negative appraisal of Nixon's Vietnam policy before the House Foreign Affairs Committee; the *Washington Post* was more generous, printing the major part of Clifford's text and a point-by-point Clifford forecast of things to come.

The latter is especially worth noting, not merely because Clifford is a former Secretary of Defense, but also because he has proved himself a pretty good prognosticator.

After the Cambodian invasion he said the action would merely spread the war and would not hasten its end. By summer of '71 he was predicting that the North Vietnamese would launch a major military offensive in the winter of '72, and that in response Nixon would reescalate U.S. military involvement. Correct on all counts.

Now that the reescalation is here, Clifford forecasts as follows:

- "The war will continue indefinitely.
- "The United States will be involved indefinitely.
- "The United States will continue to have men killed and wounded indefinitely.
- "More civilians will die in Indochina.
- "American taxpayers will continue to spend billions of dollars in support of the Saigon regime.
- "Russia and China will continue to supply North Vietnam with the necessary materials of war.
- "The United States will continue to lose planes and helicopters.
- "We will not get our prisoners back.
- "The number of prisoners will increase.
- "The administration will have to ask Congress for still more money.
- "Our relations with China and Russia will be jeopardized.
- "Our standing with the rest of the world will sink lower and lower.
- "And if the South Vietnamese Army cannot hold, the President will climb the next step on the escalator."

Senate Bitchery

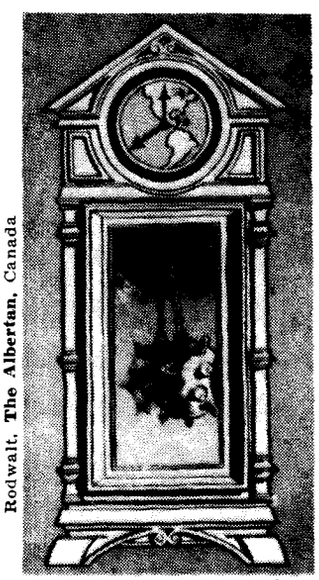
The following from the *Congressional Record* for May 16 during debate on the Mansfield amendment asking a fund cutoff of Aug. 31 on the Vietnam war:

Mr. HUGH SCOTT. This amendment, I regret to say, is couched in language used normally in Hanoi . . .

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Mr. President, may we have order in the Senate, and will the conversations going on in the rear cease? Will the Chair request that they cease?

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Roth). The Senator from Pennsylvania is making a very important statement. He is entitled to be heard by other Senators. It is requested that Senators who are engaged in conversation either withdraw from the Chamber or cease speaking.

Mr. SCOTT. Mr. President, I have never named any Senators by name. I would, however, suggest that if Senators are so bored with what I have to say and so disinterested in what constitutes an end to the killing amendment, they retire to the cloakroom.



Rodwalt, The Albertan, Canada

'Tick . . . Tick . . . Tick'

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, may I say that no Senator was involved in the conversations to which I referred.

Mr. SCOTT. Mr. President, I would say that Senators are involved in the conversation to which I referred, and I saw them; and my eyes do not deceive me.

I have no desire that I be listened to with auris erectis, as the Romans said—and that does not have any wrong connotation; it means with erect ears. I am not asking that they bate their breath. I am asking only that they either listen or go somewhere else . . .

Mr. J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. SCOTT. I am glad to yield.

Mr. FULBRIGHT. I have been listening, I think with bated breath.

Mr. SCOTT. I do not know what the Senator bates his breath with.

Mr. FULBRIGHT. I am wondering whether the Senator will ever get to the point of saying anything worth listening to. I have been waiting here for 20 minutes. If he ever gets to the point, I shall be delighted.

Mr. SCOTT. If, in the opinion of the Senator from Arkansas and certain titillated persons in the gallery, I am not saying anything worthwhile, I will say to him that I have no hope of ever saying anything whatever that will change his mind, or anything that the Senator from Arkansas would rate as important to his preconceived opinion. I am certain that the Senator from Arkansas is the repository of considerable wisdom accumulated over the years. It is not my wisdom; it is not wisdom I share. But I would like to have a little bit of time to state my views. What I am saying, I believe, makes sense. I believe it is substantive, and I will repeat it and repeat it only once: that is, that this amendment is not the compassionate amendment which the compassionate, distinguished, and beloved majority leader would certainly want his amendments to be."

Brazil

In spite of official denials, evidence of torture of political prisoners continues to come from Brazil.

The Washington-based Committee Against Repression in Brazil recently received documentation concerning two peasants, Manoel da Conceiçao and Luis Dos Santos. They were arrested without warrant last January by the private agents of a sugar-cane plantation owner and handed over to the military in Seao Luis, by whom they were "interrogated and harassed." Manoel lost a leg as a result of mistreatment during an earlier imprisonment. The two are to be tried by a military court.

Efforts are currently being made to convene the Bertrand Russell Tribunal in Brazil to study this and other claimed violations of human rights.

Odds and Ends

—The rejoinder of Christians for Socialism, a Latin American group, to a reproach by church officials that it is "contaminated" by Marxism: "The position of the anti-Marxists implies a contamination of Christianity by a bourgeois ideology and a complicity in fact with the established violence." Zing.

—Old St. Patrick's on Lower Manhattan could make a quadruple claim on fame upon its recent rededication: as the original cathedral of the archdiocese; as the place where Blessed Elizabeth Seton opened the first Catholic orphan asylum in the U.S.; as the place where Pierre Toussaint, cause pending, is buried; and as the place where the baptismal scene in *The Godfather* was filmed. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

What Is Priesthood?

Gadsen, Ala.

To the Editors: Re: "Before We Elect Bishops"—Father Leland J. White [Apr. 14]: "It is as difficult to conclude that the priestly commitment can be temporary as that the marital vows can be such."

Not being a theologian of any stature I submit the following remarks in a questioning way.

It does not seem to me that the vows of the priest are the same at all as the vows of the married.

1. Vows of the married are by a person to a person. The vows of the priest are by a person to a community.

2. The vows of the married are for personal growth (biological aspects only a part). The vows of the priest are for service and ministry. (Frequent moves from parish to parish). Which means starting at the bottom (most of the time) with parish growth and development. (This doesn't seem to be the same.)

3. The stability aspect of marital commitment involves the welfare of the offspring. There is no such aspect to the vows of the priest.

It seems to be assumed that celibacy is intrinsic (or at least necessarily required) to the concept of priesthood. This is an unproven assumption. Yet it seems basic to the discussion of temporary vs per-moment vows of priesthood.

What kind of vows does the wife of a priest take?

What if the community decides it wishes a married clergy? It seems to me that the statement at the top of the page negates the rest of the article: ". . . . not that the standards and more basic qualifications might be determined at that level." Anytime the Community required something would it become a "more basic," if the clergy or the hierarchy didn't prefer the requirement?

How does a community uneducated

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THE NUCLEAR ACCORDS

Nixon self-appraisals of Nixon Administration deeds are usually inflationary exercises, but there is no minimizing, at this point at least, the net worth of President Nixon's evaluation of his summitry at Moscow. Important beginnings have indeed been made in several areas of mutual concern: in science and technology, space, medicine, conservation, the high seas and nuclear arms. Much must still be done to concretize the various resolves; a trade agreement remains elusive; and the nuclear-arms treaty must, of course, be ratified by Congress. But the foundations are well laid, and the great challenge now is to build on them.

Of all the Moscow accords, the most vital is unquestionably the agreements of the United States and Russia to limit their defense missile systems to two ABM sites, and to place a five-year freeze on their offensive missile arsenals at present levels. This does not bring the nuclear-arms race to a halt by any means; witness Defense Secretary Laird's emphasis the very day the two arms accords were signed on the "absolute" essentiality of continued research and development in specific areas of nuclear weaponry. Nevertheless, the fact of the establishment of limitations and a freeze moves the two superpowers towards arms control in ways that the Limited Test-Ban Treaty of 1963, the Non-Proliferation Treaty of 1968, the Seabed Arms Control Treaty of 1971 and other accords have never done.

This is the reason why it is vital that there be no diminishing of the terms of the Moscow accords in the debate shaping up in Congress. If the crash R&D mentality of Secretary Laird poses problems in the one direction, no less so does the possibility that Congressional pressures will vitiate the agreements by insisting upon exclusions not now in the pacts. No one wants a repeat of the Limited Test-Ban Treaty developments, whereby basic policies could be pursued through the exclusions which hedged that treaty. It is no gain to displace one nuclear worry, only to provide exclusions which open doors to other worries no less awesome. The Moscow accords come to the Congress as strong documents; they should be kept that way.

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Yet even in their strongest formulations, these accords leave the U.S., Russia and the world far short of the point at which each and all will be out from under the nuclear cloud. Still to be dealt with is the question of underground testing; only when it is gotten to can there be hope of arresting nuclear-arms development. And then after the U.S. and Russia reach agreements on restrictions to be placed on long-range strategic bombers, aircraft carriers and forward-based systems—items for SALT II next fall—there looms the quickening question of secondary-power nuclear nations and of China, which seems determined to develop into a superpower alongside Russia and the U.S. The U.S. and Russia can play geopolitics now by themselves, but the days are becoming shorter when the international agreements of these two countries will be the deciding factors for the world that they are now.

In this context, it was gratifying that in the Declaration of Principles capping the Moscow summit there was a reaffirmation of the United Nations as a forum within which to grapple with international tensions. As nuclear nations proliferate and grow mightier, it is in the UN rather than in private dealings between individual nations that true world peace is more likely to become reality. The irony here is that while Mr. Nixon was paying lip-service to the UN in Moscow, the Congress was pressing ahead with a proposed $28.8 million reduction in U.S. support of the UN, a cut which could have a devastating financial effect on the UN. The Nixon Administration encouraged this fund reduction in its pique over the ouster of Taiwan from the UN; now it is in the embarrassing position of having to undo the harm it did. But undo it it must, and in no half-measure, as seems to be the Nixon inclination. (The White House says now it wants a reduction, but not that much of a one.) Even a small cut, however, could imperil the future Mr. Nixon sought to enhance at Moscow.

Christian Delegates, Marxist Language

Five years ago the editors of the *Wall Street Journal* described Paul VI's *Populorum Progressio* as "warmed-over Marxism." Should it come to their attention, a recent document issuing from a meeting of *Cristianos por el Socialismo* (Santiago, Chile—April 23-30) will have to be described as oven-fresh.

About 400 delegates met at the invitation of los Ochenta, a group of priests working actively and publicly for socialism. The fact that over half were from Chile tended to color the meeting with the ongoing debate between partisans of the government's "constitutional" way and those who want more open class confrontation. From some countries (Brazil, Bolivia, Paraguay, Haiti) there were no delegates but those already in exile. From others they arrived with difficulty and danger (Uruguay, Central America). Eleven Cubans represented atypical Christians since in general in Cuba the churches are the refuge of the *gusanos*. The participants were theologians, priests, pastors, professors, students, a collection of radicalized Christians from Latin America plus delegations from the U.S., Canada and some European countries. (One bishop, Sergio Mendez Arceo of Cuernavaca, Mexico.)

The most enduring public result will probably be the final document whose most salient feature is its unapologetic use of Marxist language from beginning to end. Samples: "Colonialist or neo-colonialist capitalism as an economic structure shapes the reality of Latin American countries. In its superior phase this capitalist shaping leads to imperialism and sub-imperialism which act through multiple mechanisms such as military and economic aggressions, alliances of repressive governments, multinational firms, cultural domination, presence of the C.I.A., State Department, etc." "The historic process of class society and imperialist domination lead fatally to a necessary class confrontation." It is increasingly clear that "in Latin America there exist only two possible alternatives: dependent capitalism and underdevelopment, or socialism."

To many readers in the U.S. this type of language is redolent of Russian generals in old "Grin and Bear It" cartoons. What has caused this escalation of rhetoric? I would say that this new language—new for Christians—is the reflection of an experience. In the early and mid-60s Latin American Catholics echoed the themes of the Council, applying what they learned in Europe. Parallel to intra-church reform existed the social doctrine of the church as a kind of orientation and also as the professed program of Christian Democratic parties. Most of these parties were unsuccessful electorally, and only in Chile did they have to translate "social Christianity" into a historical project—Frei's "revolution in liberty."

1968 marks the breaking away from Europe in the meeting of the Latin American bishops' Conference in Medellin. The progressive position adopted there was due largely to the experts who prepared and took part in the meeting. Their take-off point was the situation of oppression and dependence of the continent. They proposed a theology of liberation and urged commitment. Actually this official position does not really represent an active commitment on the part of the majority of priests or bishops nor of the mass of Catholics. It did spur, however, a deepening commitment in an active minority and undercut the criticism they would otherwise have received.

The Medellin documents, even while they try to analyze the reality, remain largely on the level of symptoms and don't get to the structural causes. In regard to solu-

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tions they simply recognize the options of "development" or "revolution." Radicalized Christians, meanwhile, have had increasingly direct experience of class confrontation. Most of the participants in the Santiago meeting are involved with workers, campesinos, or barrio-dwellers and have taken part in action. Hence they universalize, "The recognition of class struggle as a fundamental fact permits us to arrive at a global interpretation of structures in Latin America." They see that class struggle has its own "proper scientific rationality" which "bourgeois social sciences" are incapable of analyzing since they reflect the dominant ideology.

One radicalizing experience is the increasing repression by fascist governments, most notably Brazil. But this repression is just the logical outcome of a strategy of development which includes acceptance of the domination of the advanced capitalist countries and the creation of poles of "development" for a minority and stagnation for the majority. Brazil particularly is increasingly assertive industrially and militarily in neighboring countries and hence is qualified as a "sub-imperial" force.

The participants unanimously reject some "social Christian" Third Way between capitalism and socialism. In church circles there still exists a yearning for some kind of middle way, sometimes called "communitarian socialism," a vague entity which seems to be mainly an antistatism. Such a yearning is dismissed by the participants in the conference as either an ignorance of the mechanisms of capitalism and of the irremediably conflictive nature of social reality or as an expression of the dominant ideology. Certainly the present situation in Chile provides ample illustration, for the Christian Democrats are engaged in a permanent propaganda campaign as mouthpieces of the Right. It is unlikely that the wealthy would be so enthusiastically Christian Democratic if they thought it meant socialism, communitarian or otherwise.

Marxist analysis of ideology is seen as a fundamental tool. It reveals how the dominant powers utilize the media to domesticate people into the system, to cover over the conflictive nature of society. Marxist analysis proposes to unmask ideology and go at the material base of problems.

More to the point is the application of this critique to the church in its theology, organizational forms, activity and social doctrine. The conscious acceptance of class struggle as an objective reality goes beyond the denunciation of the church's alliance with dominant classes and shows how it is bound up with colonialism and dependent capitalism even in its social doctrine. Part of the ideological struggle is the unmasking of this involvement. One example: the constant stress on the "unity of the church." It is answered that church unity must pass through human unity, i.e., demands a classless society. There was much discussion of the "ethical-affective blocks" to class struggle among Christians.

It is emphatically asserted that you can understand liberation only as a participant in the struggle. On this point the breach between radical Christians and the hierarchy will widen increasingly since only with the rarest exceptions are bishops participants in the class struggle. During the conference itself the Chilean bishops published a letter to a group of priests who had gone to Cuba, admonishing them to give up "party politics" or to reconsider their vocation. But the name of the game is precisely "politicization." It means the organizing of the oppressed toward the taking of power. For reasons of efficacy one must take part in movements and parties involved in politicization. (Trend-watchers note: from now on "conscientization" will be increasingly "out" as insufficient.)

The document that emerged from the conference is light on theology as was the meeting itself. There was little attempt to elaborate a theology of liberation *a priori*. Rather it was affirmed that precisely the participation in class struggle and political involvement with the proletariat is producing a new radical sense of faith and discovering anew the central themes of the Gospel. The symbolisms of Christian faith are being freed from ideological trappings which obstruct the participation of Christians.

The delegates have returned to their communities. *Cristianos por el Socialism* is not structured as a movement nor as a strategic network. The priests, ministers, university people who participated are not a power in the church but the position elaborated will undoubtedly find echoes in similar groups throughout the continent. It is likely to be condemned by some hierarchies and vaguely alluded to in papal allocutions. ("It is not without anguish that we note how some priests, motivated with the most laudable of desires, are attracted to doctrines foreign to the Gospel of universal love.") Liberation theology in some way provided a front but it is unlikely that the hierarchy will be able to accept use of Marxist categories, even though in reality they are a logical outcome of Medellin on the part of those who took those documents most seriously and who found in their own experience the need for a more radical expression.

PHILLIP BERRYMAN

(Father Phillip Berryman is a pastor in the barrio of Chorrillo, Panama City. He is originally from Los Angeles.)

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated June 30, July 14, July 28, August 11, August 25, September 8, and September 22. From then on we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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PEACE WITH INJUSTICE

PETER STEINFELS

As far as the outside world could tell, the only embarrassing moment in the President's trip to Moscow occurred at the ballet when a woman in the audience shouted out, "Freedom in Vietnam!" It was the Russians who were embarrassed. The President only smiled. They took the lady away.

The lady did not know the score. The Soviet leaders know it. They have known it in Russia since Brest-Litovsk. Peace and justice do not necessarily come wrapped in the same package. Often enough, they come on completely separate deliveries. The successors of the men who signed with Hitler in 1939 are not going to hesitate to sign with Nixon in 1972. And for good reason.

What Nixon and Kissinger have accomplished in Peking and Moscow is remarkable. They have taken major steps toward creating a concert of Great Powers. Not Great Powers in force—those are created by geography, history, military and industrial might, and they have always been with us—but Great Powers in consciousness, who accept their responsibility for acting together to preserve the world from major wars. Great Powers in this sense were the invention of the Congress of Vienna, much admired and studied by Professor Kissinger. They disappeared with the First World War, if not before; and though power politics never ceased to be the reality of international affairs, the Great Power style was supplanted after the war with a more democratic notion of a congress of nations on the one hand and with the brutal fascist resurgence of assertive nationalism on the other. Then came the Cold War stand-off which slowly metamorphosed into the interaction of nuclear deterrence. And out of this the President and his advisor are hoping to weld a new concert: the U.S. and Russia, the inner two, plus Europe, Japan and China will make up the five Great Powers. In a world in which they regularly cooperated at a certain level, nuclear war would be unthinkable. It might be a hundred years before mankind got around to dismantling the unused weapons, but the threat of true world destruction would have been banished.

Now that is the ultimate dream; and I doubt that even in the hyperbolic atmosphere of the White House, men dare to dream it, for fear of being thought soft-headed. But it ought to be mentioned, since we have perhaps grown casual about a world constantly under sentence of ending not with a whimper but a bang. There may be a summit backlash, a recognition that the Moscow agreements are less than they seemed at first—a host of new exchanges, a trade deal, a space duet, the transfer of the arms race from missiles to warheads— but still the negotiations deserve to be seen in relation to the stakes.

There is an underside to this dream, however; and that has to do with the gap between peace and justice. Some of the most peaceful periods of civilization, after all, were achieved under the firm grip of empire. The last great peaceful era of European history was precisely those decades when Westerners were busy carving up the rest of the globe. The price paid for the negotiations in the Kremlin was the bombing in North Vietnam.

When President Nixon announced the mining of North Vietnam's harbors, the world waited anxiously to see if a confrontation with the Soviets was in the offing. But such a confrontation was not likely; the danger of facing down Moscow was long-range, in the way that the series of crises preceding World War I led to the explosion of August, 1914. Instead, the drama of the operation served Washington well. After the anxious wait came the relief. And meanwhile the real thrust of the strategy was the bombing in the North.

The bombing of the North is not directly related to Hanoi's military drive in the South. It has two purposes: to demonstrate the limits of the support Hanoi can expect from outside, and to threaten the North with greater and greater destruction unless it moderates its struggle against Saigon. The bombing of North Vietnam has now surpassed the intensity it reached under Johnson. The second of its two purposes implies bombing of essentially a reprisal character. That means military targets first, then general industrial targets which may have as much to do with the elementary development of the land as with the war, then purely civilian targets and then the dikes. It is the logic of Dresden we have mounted here, and it is hard to tell how far we have gone—the Pentagon added electrical plants and other industrial installations to its list the other day—but we know how hard it is to dismount. The Administration's strategy differs from Curtis LeMay's cry to bomb the North Vietnamese into the Stone Age insofar as it prefers to bomb them first into the early undeveloped modern period, then the Middle Ages, then ancient history, and then. . . .

The steps toward peace in Moscow are real. So is the cruelty and injustice being perpetrated, the suffering intensified, the agony prolonged, by U.S. policy in Vietnam. Those who cannot admit that the same men could be responsible in both cases are unfamiliar with the ironies of history. Those who know those ironies will not feel compelled to deny the first reality or to cease crying out against the second.

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ALIAS 'MAD BOMBER SAM'

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ

A long lost friend died at Attica

Long ago and far away, when I was a fledgling sociologist, I taught courses on criminology. By and large they were sympathetic to the prisoners and critical of the custodians; yet I am embarrassed to say that in retrospect, aside from the learning process, such teaching was an intellectual charade. I had neither the scientific nor the emotional drive to attempt a true rendering of the world of prisoners and their keepers, and no amount of "field trips" to various state and federal penitentiaries and mental institutions could overcome this fundamental truth.

In recent years, as the distinction between social deviance and political marginality has blurred—a process hastened by prisoners who define themselves as political criminals—my interest in things criminological has been rekindled. Like many other Americans, but too few sociologists, I have become aware that the gap between wrong and right is as nothing compared to the gap between the two rights and between two wrongs. For what is involved is not so much legal niceties as political definitions. Social labels become enshrined in norms and customs; and in that way, canonized as the moral order of things.

Even this new professional concern remained abstract for quite some time; it was merely new theory, vaguely innovative, confronting old theory, categorically bankrupt. But then last September, I found that like the rest of the United States, my attention was riveted by the Attica Prison rebellion and massacre. A friend died at Attica. For the first time I understood that the world of the prisoner is my world; a universal imprisonment binds and fetters free spirits wherever they are. But I am getting ahead of myself.

Prior to the Attica uprising, I received a letter from Sam Melville, complaining that he was not receiving his *trans*action magazine. Not an infrequent occurrence, since we were changing our subscription fulfillment system and were, as a result, causing a certain amount of grief to readers who were dropped from the system, or invoiced prematurely. I replied to this letter, as I do to all other such complaints, indicating that back copies were on the way and that his subscription problem would be carefully checked and his name reentered on the system. Not two weeks later, the news media were full of stories about the Attica uprising—and specifically the shooting and death of "Mad Bomber Sam." As I remember, his was the only name singled out at first. What had brought "Mad Bomber Sam" to Attica was that he had confessed to several bombings, including those of the Chase Manhattan, Standard Oil and General Motors buildings in New York. No one was hurt in any of these bombings and in fact, I am sorry to say the building themselves did not seem terribly affected either. He was turned in by a Government agent—or at least someone presumed to be a Government agent—one George Demmerle. A situation was set up for the blowing up of three army jeeps outside the State Armory Building in downtown New York, and it was on this occasion that Sam was caught. He pleaded guilty on May 8, 1970 to charges of conspiracy and his sentence was reduced from 370 years to 15 years or thereabouts. This "copping of a plea" also spared two other people with whom he was considered a co-conspirator, from any long-term imprisonment. The rest is newspaper history.

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ *is Editor-in-Chief of* Society *(formerly* trans*action) Magazine, a social science monthly journal published at Rutgers University.*

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Like many other observers, I was deeply disturbed by the events at Attica, and somehow deeply troubled that one of our subscribers had been among those who died. In a strange way, my own feelings and sentiments were beautifully summed up in a letter I received from my sister, Paula E. Lane, on September 23, 1971, in which she said:

> " . . . The Attica killings have left me shaken, but have had a positive effect on me also. It is as if the entire picture has suddenly begun to fit into place and make sense to me. Like many many other 'liberal' people, I have always found excuses for inactivity, and been most eager to shift the blame for Negro oppression onto their own shoulders, even though I knew in my heart that it wasn't true. I don't want to become emotional and say that I have seen the light, but I am determined to help others and therefore myself, in some small measure. Perhaps we can get together soon and talk."

I was more discomfited than shaken; somehow nagged by a belief that the assassination of Melville was more than a random event, and of more personal significance than, say, the assassination of George Jackson. Yet I resolved my disquiet with an announcement in the November issue of *trans*action that read:

> In memory of Sam Melville, a *trans*action subscriber and inmate of Attica Correctional Facility (No. 26124), who, as a leader of the Attica Liberation Faction, was killed in the line of duty on Monday, September 13, 1971.

It seemed somehow especially appropriate in the light of the fact that our editorial for that month—brilliantly written by Bruce Jackson—was about Attica, or more properly, the ease with which people forget the unpleasant and reject the unwanted. Somewhat later, I was told by word of mouth that the December 1971 issue of *Ramparts* would carry letters from Sam Melville that would later appear in a book, and that in one and perhaps two of those letters, *trans*action and myself were mentioned. Sam wrote to John Cohen on September 6, 1970—the first letter written after his transfer to Attica from Sing Sing:

> *"Dear John,*
>
> "Attica, formerly the hunting grounds of the Seneca Tribe of the Iroquois nation, now the adjuvant, parasitic landscape of the Bethlehem[!] Steel cartel, is now my home. The architecture is best described as expedient Byzantine. The population is predominantly tacit porcine. It shows a lot.
>
> "We are not permitted to write about the prison nor to solicit funds or packages—for excellent reasons.
>
> "Put the following down on your list for immediate action:
>
> 1. Subscribe to the daily [not Sunday] *N. Y. Times*;
> 2. Subscribe to *Monthly Review* and *Trans*-Action (Irving Louis Horowitz's magazine);
> 3. Transfer about $20 from the Defense Fund to me via *Postal* money order;
> 4. Get a lawyer, I intend to fight before going insane.
>
> *Write soon.*
>
> SAM MELVILLE #26124

Apparently the magazine was not allowed in, or the subscription matter not quite cleared up, for six months later, on March 1, he again wrote and requested magazines: " . . . I'm really anxious for the subscriptions to *Dissent, Trans*-Action and *Ramparts*. Please stick to it. . . . The mags will help put all the history and herstory I'm absorbing in a perspective I could benefit from." My first response was of course a certain pleasure that the magazine had been recognized in this special way and my second thought was how to tell it to self-appointed

and self-anointed radicals who had made a hobby of criticizing the magazine as not adequately relevant—whatever that means.

But this was but a prelude to a shock: when the actual copy of *Ramparts* arrived, it also carried a picture and information extracted from an author profile written by Jane Alpert, and it turned out that Sam Melville was a young man I had known as Sam Grossman. Sam was a long-ago friend, someone I came to know and trust deeply and dearly while finishing graduate studies in New York City. Sam had come to New York a year before I was to leave it, from North Tonawanda—a little town just outside of Buffalo. In his words, he "decided to try his luck with his father"—the luck having run out at the maternal end, apparently. This is no place for biography; my memory is too dimmed and my knowledge of his recent activities too limited, to permit such an extravagance. I remember incidents better than intellect: the time he got a part-time job at Sam Goody's and came home with a stack of records, obviously unpaid for; we regaled ourselves with compelling performances of Handel's *Messiah* and other such items of world culture. I remember Sunday morning softball games, in which Sam and I both played. He was not quite as supple as the game demanded, but

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he was strong, big and courageous. We played on pavement, and I recollect vividly how he raked out a double —sliding into second, and absolutely bleeding like a stuck pig—getting up and smiling because he had beaten the relay throw. He also got into a fight at one of those games; and somehow this was very impressive to me, since the iron law of most young Jews I had known was that blood was something that circulates in the body —not spills on the sidewalks. Indeed, in this sense, Sam was obviously from North Tonawanda rather than from the North Bronx. I also remember Sam as a man with a lovely voice. It was not quite as refined as it should be but his singing in chorales around New York showed his sensibility to be very deep and his love of music very much a part of himself. Indeed, he was the perfect embodiment of energy; energy that spilled out in many directions—his sexuality, his athleticism, his musicality, were all part of this sense of energy. His behavior was a consequence of his strength—sometimes well harnessed, sometimes badly harnessed, but always apparent to all who knew him. And of course the whole question of how one survives a life behind bars took on a more personal dimension. Like anyone else, I am much more struck by the torments and sufferings of the one person I know than the 40 I do not know, or the countless others who remain part of my sociological sentiment, but not part of my personal sensibility.

Life Inside

One operational consequence of my discovery of Sam Grossman's death was simply a desire to know more about life in Attica, and those people who knew Sam. Prisons may not permit all the news that's fit to print, but the underground has a way conveying that news with speed; and I noticed that my mail from prisons—particularly from Attica and its former inmates—sharply rose in the following months. At first, it was something of an embarrassment to be called "brother" and "comrade"; but then, for the first time in my life, I began to feel pride rather than offense at being called "comrade." As used by so many Communist officials the word is cynical, meaningless and contrived—the residue of a revolution long since betrayed. But for the first time such words and others took on a meaning that transcended cliché. I began to realize how meaningful the term "comrade" must have been for the original revolutionaries.

Many of the letters I have been receiving from Attica and the Tombs speak of an essential humanity and unity that perhaps is not apparent in the current rash of writings on American prisoners. There is the letter from Stanley King written in early morning, that sharply reminds us that thoughts unlike bodies, can run wild and free—even behind bars.

> " . . . Being so-called powerless, by means of your own desire, you reach out and try to deal with certain factors, but the honest fact that your power to really give that which shall make their suffering less. How painful it must be to have eyes that can see and ears that can hear, and yet unable to fully develop that knowledge to a useful stage. The many nights a child's cries go unanswered because our real power to remove the pain is only a tender kiss. How strange that it often works, but only for a while."

There is a new sense of awareness that American prisons are both implausible and impossible creations, doing more to distort prisoners than to rehabilitate them or protect the outside world. There is a danger in this new-found consciousness: the danger of exaggerating the harshness of prison life, the angularity of struggle; and in this as in all other fields, I think we have a duty to guard against sentimentality no less than brutality.

Of course the question of racial antagonism dominates almost every other consideration and it cannot be said that all thoughts on this subject are perfectly balanced. Indeed, behind prison walls the communications exhibit an intensity, a ferocity and helplessness that is not a stock response to institutional racism, but rather a simple description of the ultimate and unreasonable nature of the racial situation. Prisoner Anthony Williams of Attica summarizes this in his own description of the duality of the prison racial scene.

> . . . Unlike the prisoner, the black prisoner is a very unique person. He is unique because his incarceration is not just being behind walls of concrete and steel. To the black prisoner, all of America represents prison. The black prisoner knew that when he was in the 'free community,' he was an economic prisoner, a social prisoner, an educational prisoner, a cultural prisoner, and even imprisoned by his own ideas, beliefs and personal convictions. He even tries to rationalize himself away through the wine bottle, whiskey, and the use of narcotics. Hence, his whole existence in America has been centered around prisons. Correctional authorities wonder why the recidivism rate of the black prisoner is so high, but they never stop to think about the conditions and the circumstances that force the black prisoner back into a life of crime. The most vital question is, how do you expect a black prisoner to act when he has been dehumanized, stripped of his manhood, brainwashed and mentally and morally castrated. The black prisoner must pretend to be happy when he is not happy; he must show the authorities that he bears them no malice nor ill will; and that he has rehabilitated himself through the utilization of all the programs offered. He is a programmed person, ready to be fed into a giant social-economic computer, but his 'output' is very doubtful. Black employment forecasts, mass

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arrests, deprivation of civil liberties, judicial lynching, murder, excessively long sentences for petty crimes, lies, false accusations, no justice, lack of equal opportunities, are reasons to perpetuate his bitterness; his 'input' has been nothing but misery, frustration, hate, not usable skills.

While anyone inside prison tends to see prison as a microcosm of society, there are differences: the total institutional framework shuts off possible areas of racial agreement; and incarceration, as it lengthens, tends to make men look to a re-creation of a mini-society rather than attempting to cope with the larger society. Finally, to be imprisoned is to be isolated and insulated. Prisoners may thus reflect—and intensify—attitudes in the general society when they were incarcerated, rather than current efforts at racial rapprochement. The tragedy of all prisons is that they abnormally separate a man from larger social life. Prison is a precursor for society as a whole only when all society becomes a prison.

Transcending Racism

The sampling of correspondence I have had from Attica and ex-Attica inmates, does at least hold out the promise of transcending the racial model of struggle. If prison intensifies and magnifies the racial struggle, perhaps it also intensifies and magnifies efforts to get beyond racism and onto new common ground. As one ex-Attica inmate writes:

> " . . . The truth must be faced and accepted; there is a war going on around the world which is killing people for the same reason that welfare and unemployment is growing; but you must also ask yourself if stopping war will really aid those who are out of work; will building new means of production do away with welfare? We both know the basic system of wealth is far too onesided to really change without changing said system. It is clear that such a move must come from the people. But as long as you've got those foolish and meaningless attitudes such as falling into that divisionary bag of 'whitey this' and 'nigger that' or that bullshit excuse: 'the Jews own everything'—each losing sight of what is really going on. The people are poor; in order for them to end this poorness, the people must control their own and share that which can be had by all."

Many of these letters reflect little if any racial tension. A disbelief in the racial inheritance, yes; a combative mood between white and black prisoners, no. Perhaps Attica has gone beyond San Quentin in the forms of struggle, no less than at the level of consciousness of its inmates precisely because black and white unity itself galls authority and those who rule. The fissures of race, these letters indicate, may be healed by the torment of prisoners as a class unto themselves, and apart from others. The prison therefore, not only exaggerates and reflects pathologies of the outside world, but strangely, mirrors a tomorrow in which racial cooperation is actually possible.

One reason for the healing of wounds behind bars is the martyrdom of black and white to some elementary principles of justice. Often pathetically little, such as the following demands from the Attica Liberation Group:

> We propose regular union wages for the jobs inmates perform and those that can be established.
>
> A. This will eliminate the spending of taxpayers' money for rooms, meals, medical care, clothing, shoes, court-appointed lawyers, etc.
>
> B. This will enable an imprisoned person to support his family and prevent them from going on welfare, adding to the already over-taxed law-abiding citizens!
>
> C. This will enable imprisoned persons to pay retribution to the victims of their crimes, if the case warrant such.
>
> D. Also, he and she can pay off debts they accumulated while free.
>
> E. This will enable those in prison to pay their own way through college (provided that the needed facilities be made available).
>
> F. We propose that community workshops will be highly instrumental in familiarizing imprisoned persons with the problems and needs of society in general, and particularly in the community—which is very necessary for those doing long sentences, who become more alienated and maladjusted than before coming to prison.

Beyond the large-scale struggles are the individual deaths; and this turns the matter full circle. There are Herbert X. Blyden's remarks on 'Our Sam'

> " . . . On the question of 'Our Sam,' he was the vice-president of the Attica Liberation Faction. We all worked rather closely along with Robin Palmer. My information is that Sandy Katz and John Cohen and William Kunstler are writing a book on comrade Sam Melville (né Grossman). He would like that—Sam was beautiful people!"

Another prisoner pointed out that he had worked with Sam only in the last week of his life, and spent most of his time playing chess with him. Yet another prisoner pointed out that the ferocity of the assault on Sam was not unrelated to the relatively small number of whites willing to cross racial boundaries within prison walls; in this respect, Sam aroused the deepest animosity and resentment of guards and prison authorities who had somehow come to live with racism as a norm and hardly knew how to countenance any other approach.

In the correspondence I have received from Attica inmates, it is hard to establish a uniform pattern. The prisoners speak sometimes in defiance; sometimes in

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self-righteousness; sometimes in tones of confession; sometimes in pathology; but always in manliness. Perhaps the ultimate shock is the recognition that certain people, in the very fact of their imprisonment, begin to grope in a choking way for self-expression and self-articulation. It might well be that for some, prison turns out to be a redemptive and restorative agency after all—but not in the way imagined by the penologists, criminologists and prison authorities. The act of self-improvement is not infrequently an act of social revolution. In this way, the politicized prisoners speak not just from the bowels of America, but they also represent the conscience of America.

Finally, let me add that I have said nothing here about what can be done for prisoners. Somehow, too much has already been said about the subject of criminology and too little done. Perhaps it is simply time to recognize the universal truth: that freedom is not confined to those outside of prison, nor is slavery a necessary consequence of being inside. The prisoners have already articulated a sense of doing for themselves what must be done. Perhaps it is time for the rest of the American population to redefine its own goals in such a way as to recognize that freedom or slavery is less a consequence of being inside or outside prison walls than it is of one's place in the social order.

CATHOLICS AND THE AMISH

JIM CASTELLI

How pure were Catholic motives in supporting the Amish school case?

On May 15 the Supreme Court upheld a Wisconsin Supreme Court decision defending the right of the Amish to keep their children out of secondary schools for religious reasons. The ruling was, according to William B. Ball, attorney for the Amish, "an important affirmation of the fact that just as you can't do anything that you want to in the name of religion, the state can't do anything it wants to in the name of the state."

The unanimous decision on Wisconsin vs. Yoder was looked upon favorably by other religions which supported the Amish, but the most important aspect of the question has been all but unnoticed.

Justice William O. Douglas, while agreeing with the ruling, claimed that the case did not involve merely the state and the parents. Douglas said that the wishes of the children involved should have been taken into account because religion is an "individual matter." Noting that only one of the three children involved in the case had been asked about personal convictions, the Justice said that a student should also be the "master of his own destiny" in the religious area.

The confusion over just who is involved in the case is responsible for much of the bad press that Catholics have received for their support of the Amish. In a recent editorial entitled "Using the Amish?," for example, the evangelical Protestant magazine *Christianity Today* charged that the Amish families involved didn't want to continue the case to the Supreme Court, and that claims of supporters of the Amish that their religion would be destroyed if young people were forced to attend secondary school were "nonsense" and "an insult to the vitality of the Amish faith."

"Why is this sudden supposedly humanitarian concern being imposed on the Amish against their will?," asked *Christianity Today*. "We are not sure of the answer," the magazine continued, "but it is relevant to point out that the arguments seek to enhance the stature of non-public education in such a way that might make it seem deserving of government financial support."

Catholics would easily take offense at the tone of the editorial, and leading Protestants such as Dr. Franklin Littell took exception to it. Littell charged that it was written out of "the old Protestant bigotry so carefully culivated by the Americans United ideologues." But even so, there were still potential benefits to be gained by Catholics from the decision:—the arguments advanced by the state that schooling is necessary for the socialization of children, and to prepare them for survival in America's economic and political systems may be used at some future time to show that parochial schools also fulfill these functions.

—if the court upholds the right of Amish parents to keep their children out of school for religious beliefs, even though their religion does not offer an alternative education, it may serve as a precedent in some future case where Catholics will seek government aid for alternate schools which stem from *their* religious beliefs.

—many of the arguments put forth by the defense question the quality of education in the public schools.

—Ball claims that "Since it is plain that no 'interest' that the state has described in its Brief would be im-

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peded by non-attendance at high schools by Amish children, it can only be presumed that the state sees its interests in lying in the need to *standardize* children (and thus the citizenry) through the educational process." Charges of attempts at "standardization" also make alternatives to public education more attractive.

Ball's claim that the state is interested in standardization is echoed by Littell, who charges that "Today, with the slide towards police state measures and totalitarian mindset, the Departments of Public Instruction are the most serious challenge to Christian and libertarian values in the entire society (not excepting the military/industrial complex some people like to talk about)."

If the state had fought the Yoder case solely on the basis of the need for compulsory education, it might have been viewed somewhat differently. But the Wisconsin Supreme Court had said that the exception for the Amish left the law intact for others; this position was strengthened by the fact that the Amish are the only established religion specifically opposed to secondary education on religious grounds. The U.S. Supreme Court was also impressed by the alternative education which the Amish tradition provides.

But it was the state itself which defined the issue in terms of conscientious objection. Wisconsin Assistant Attorney General John W. Calhoun told the court:

"The issue viewed broadly is whether one has the constitutional right to conscientiously object to education by refusing to send his children to school in violation of compulsory school attendance laws. Put another way: Is education of such 'compelling interest' or 'fundamental importance' to society that the state can endure compulsory school attendance laws against one whose religious beliefs require him to keep his children away from secondary school?"

Once the state had defined the issue as one of conscientious objection, Catholics and others who had backed the right of selective conscientious objection in the case of *U.S. vs. Gillette,* really had no choice but to take a similar position in defense of conscience in the Yoder case.

But this only brings us back to Douglas' question of "whose conscience?"

Taking an opposing view from many Catholics, Msgr. Victor Pepishill of the Manhattan College Department of Religious Studies claims that removing Amish children from school "constitutes a psychological maiming and a sociological handicap" imposed upon the children, and that the denial of secondary education represents a "crime against humanity."

For all his strong language, Pepishill makes an important point: "Those who support the Amish elders in their opposition to state law in the name of religious freedom thereby give preference to the claims of the family over the welfare of the individual."

The Amish question is not a case of the rights of the state versus the religious rights; it is a case of a triangle involving the rights of the state, the rights of the family and the rights of the children. And this in many ways makes it an ideal case for Catholics to ponder. Those most vocal in support of the Amish have concentrated on the contexts of family and religion; others, such as Pepishill, consider the rights of the children, but seem to accept at face value the state's claim that it is concerned about the individual without any ulterior motives. Neither side has dealt with the main question—how do we best protect the rights of children within their familial, religious and political contexts?

Imagination, Please

Amy Lowell, when asked how she could write poems about poverty when she had never experienced it, replied, "Imagination, man. Imagination!"

The accountants and lawyers of the Internal Revenue Service live by filling out forms, obeying regulations, adding up figures. Dorothy Day and her selfless colleagues in the Catholic Worker Movement live by faith. They feed the hungry, clothe the naked and shelter the homeless without worrying where the next dollar is coming from or how the rent will be paid. Miracles are as real to them as Form 1040.

Since the Catholic Workers could easily qualify for Federal tax-exempt status as a charity if only they would fill out the necessary application, it is undoubtedly puzzling to I.R.S. officials that they refuse to do so. But how explain the scruples of philosophical anarchists to bureaucrats who live by the Internal Revenue code?

Since the Catholic Workers refuse to register with the Government, the I.R.S. is now suing them for $296,359 in back taxes and penalties, money which they obviously do not have. It has also collected taxes on a charitable bequest to Miss Day's group, a decision now being appealed in the courts.

Surely the I.R.S. must have genuine frauds to investigate. Surely there must be some worthwhile work this agency could be doing instead of obstructing acts of corporal mercy for the poor. If Internal Revenue cannot think of a way to bend its own rigid regulations a little, then someone higher up in the Treasury Department ought to be able to take administrative notice of the charitable character of the Catholic Worker Movement and have done with this pointless harassment. All that is required is a little imagination.

—Editorial, *New York Times*
May 24, 1972

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WHOSE BUSINESS IS BUSINESS?

DORIS GRUMBACH

Can and will corporations be responsive to human needs?

Early in May, in a classroom at the State University in Albany, less than thirty-five persons gathered to consider the question of corporate responsibility. Huddled toward the front of a place which would have held two hundred, the small group was symbolic: a poignant reminder of minimal public interest in how corporations act, in contrast to its interest in the behavior of establishments like church and government. Under the sponsorship of groups such as Clergy and Laymen Concerned and the S.U.N.Y. Newman Association, the leaflet advertising the meeting asked: Can and will corporations be responsive to human needs?

The keynote speaker, an Episcopal priest of New York, Thomas Anthony, who is a member of the National Council of Churches' Corporate Information Center (C.I.C.), was very persuasive, very fluent, very blunt. Only two of the four invited "responder" panelists showed (the fellows from "business" and "investment banking" could not make the scene, as my children would put it), but the other two, Dorothy Linton, a trustee of a Methodist Church in Albany, and Boston physicist Herbert Fox who represented the "radical" position on corporations, did very well with their widely divergent views, being in themselves graphic prototypes of what the whole new area of activist concern represents.

The '60s were distinguished by demands for constituent participation in all areas of political and social decision-making. Memberships of political parties, students and faculties, welfare recipients, civil services, prisoners and even, in some few instances, congregations and parishes, wanted a voice in their own governance. These persons, in their idealism, looked to the public sector to remedy their social troubles. The permanent effects of this reliance are hard to estimate, but now, in the '70s, widespread disillusion with the responsiveness of government has taken a new turn: a decision in some quarters to bring consumer and shareholder pressures to bear upon the private sector, especially that part of it which is, to its way of thinking, engaging in anti-social behavior.

C.I.C., an investigatory body, is interested in making the facts of corporate activity, in the areas of environment, defense manufacture, minority hiring, product safety and purity, even liquor, tobacco, and gambling interests, available to private investors, church trustees, and others with some concern for the uses to which their money is put. That these are "legitimate concerns" for investors, said Anthony, is clear. Many major corporations themselves now have self-investigatory committees at work on the question of their own social responsibilities, but only some churches (the Episcopal is a leader in this) are as yet deeply concerned about the use to which their investments are put. The Roman Catholic church has been slow to face the question, said Anthony. But, interestingly enough, when it has shown interest, it is the Religious Orders, free of diocesan restraints, which have been most eager to secure information from C.I.C. about what their money may be doing.

C.I.C. sees the possibility of various kinds of action by advocacy groups, now that there is "general recognition that great corporations affect our lives in real ways," and that we must address ourselves to them as the source and dispenser of power: through shareholder proposals to stockholder annual meetings and the resultant publicity, through demands by shareholders for honest disclosure of activities instead of the customary slick, Madison Avenue brochures, through education of the public by Nader-like means, economic boycotts, conversations with local managers, public hearings to explore questions of social concern, etc.

Herbert Fox, bearded and gentle in manner, and "a co-founder not a leader; we don't *have* leaders" of Scientists and Engineers for Social and Political Action (a slogan of theirs is *Science for the People*) found corporate responsibility "a contradiction in terms and the church itself a capitalist corporation if, in any part, it lives off the profits of its investments." He said he distrusts a reformist struggle with corporations which might quickly become co-opted by them, as well as the efforts of persons of good will to persuade corporations of their responsibilities.

Anthony responded that he was willing to try, having faith in a "creative minority," a vanguard which would use a pragmatic approach, shareholding and pressing their views and questions at yearly meetings. No, said Fox, vanguards are "nauseating." Make them the majority, involve the people in the "struggle," and then we will work with you on "exemplary actions."

Mrs. Linton, conscientiously trying to assimilate all

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this radical talk about her responsibilities on the investment committee of her church, said plaintively, after Honeywell, ITT, and GE had been called down hard for their parts in providing automated-warfare material, "I don't think you're any more or less of a Christian if you're in or out of a company like that," and then added, "Look what they've done to raise the standard of living of this country." Student (SUNY) from the back of the room, his beard bristling: "What about the standard of living of the Vietnamese people?" Mrs. Linton: "The grandeur of this country is proved by letting people such as you speak out as you wish." And she added: "We are required by New York State law to buy stocks which will bring the church the greatest economic return."

The day-long meeting was instructive. In the afternoon, I attended the seminar on investment policies of religious institutions, and heard that something—a little—is beginning to be done by organizations like C.I.C. in research into corporations—suggesting alternate investment opportunities, encouraging shareholder activity as gadflies at meetings, and educational work through its growing list of publications. I saw one excellent new one called *Church Investments, Technological Warfare and the Military-Industrial Complex* which contains listings of where Protestant churches are now investing and how much. Example: GE, with the 2nd largest dollar-volume of military-contract awards in 1971 has among its large church investors the American Baptist Convention—$3,262,019 in stock value—and the United Presbyterian Church—$6,521,410. Of the responsibility of the church as investor the pamphlet says:

> The role of the church in society is proclaimed to be that of bearer, communicator, initiator, and arbiter of personal and social morality. As an investor, therefore, the church is uniquely qualified and called to be morally and socially responsible and to provide leadership and guidance in relationship to the social impact of corporations. The church has a special opportunity and responsibility in defining and affecting social good which it cannot avoid without contradicting its own purpose.

Anthony placed the churches squarely where they must be, in the role of saving remnant, becoming self-aware of their present uncomfortable posture as great owners of buildings in decaying cities, decaying with them, whose mission must be examined bluntly. Fox's head-on, radical attack on capitalism, Anthony thought, will not serve us well now. "The problem of our mission must be approached in terms of our ultimate self-interest," our survival. Those who see the church as profitable, rich, successful and saved would have been shaken by the Reverend Anthony's sentiments, and by the tone of new concern among the others present for just what ITT is doing with, say, the United Presbyterian Church's 31,200 shares of its stock.

CATONSVILLE ON FILM

THE SCREEN

As I walked into the Cinema II theater, a woman approached me with a sheaf of mimeograph paper cradled in her arm. "Since you are going to see *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*," she said as she peeled off a sheet, "you might be interested in this." Unfortunately,

The Gangster As Folk Hero

Organized crime has returned to fashion. The evidence is everywhere. The books and films—Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*; Jimmy Breslin's *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*; and Gay Talese's *Honor Thy Father*—have set the scene. One learns of gangsters patronized by theatrical and literary lights. (It seems relatively easier to envision Joe Gallo ensconced in Elaine's restaurant, that bastion of literary social status, than Angela Davis.) Gangsters are now reported to show their guns in nightclubs in displays of criminal *machismo*. And *New York Post* columnist Pete Hamill, the closest person we have to a career New Yorker, writes about the mob as if it were this year's leading tourist attraction. Come to New York and see live gangsters.

All of which, on the surface, appears harmless. What better diversion in these dog days of social activism. Yet there is a crucial difference. The new myth of the gangster has changed considerably from that of the Humphrey Bogart stereotype of motiveless malignity in Sidney Howard's *Dead End* of the 1930's. Crime in the depression was the evil alternative of an unjust system. You got your gangsters straight and hard—with no sweetened additives.

That, of course, is no longer the case. Today's gangster has been mythologized into a new folk hero. Or rather, an old folk hero—the cowboy of the western morality play—updated. Your basic gangster, today, is a pillar of society, albeit a romantic one. He does not kill or malign the innocent. Instead, he is a self-styled vigilante living by time-honored rules—the old code. And what nefarious acts are committed, constitute social crime.

Social crime is the new concept. That is what makes our 1972 gangster a folk hero. Consider the enormously popular film *The Godfather*. "We are not murderers," Marlon Brando's Don Corleone informs.

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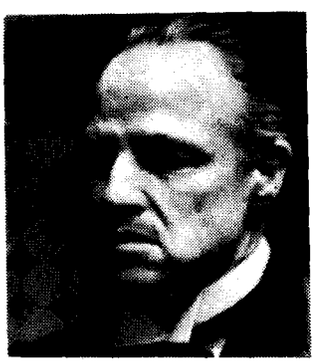
most of us expect to be approached inside the theater, by the film, much the way I was approached outside by that woman. That's why most people are staying away from this film. To be approached again now concerning Vietnam is to be reproached. We have all done whatever we are willing to do against the war. It hasn't been nearly enough, and few of us feel satisfied that we did all we could; but it's still all that we are going to do.

The woman in front of the theater wanted everyone to stop paying war taxes and boycott the commercial products of companies making war matériel. But the man in the movie inside, Fr. Dan Berrigan, wants a deeper commitment. He presumably wrote the play on which this film is based for the same reason that he wanted to go on trial. He is saying to us the same thing that he said to the jury: not just "Find me innocent," but "Join me." The former plea really depended on the latter anyway. All nine defendants admitted burning the draft files and yet asked for acquittal. They knew that only an appeal above the law and to conscience would produce such a verdict. In effect they were asking the judge and the jury to defy the law too.

Indeed not. The Mafia is a grassroots social agency. The Corleones do not prey; they eliminate those who prey. In the film, they murder a rapist; wreak vengeance on a jaded movie producer who uses young girls; and destroy rival Mafia overlords who seek to infect the nation with drugs. In short, their victims are at fault. The Corleones espouse only "clean" crime: the age-old vices of gambling and prostitution, these presumably will be, like the poor, always with us. Consequently, there is no act of violence that does not have some aspect of social purpose. Mario



Puzo conveniently loaded the dice. No wonder movie audiences cheer on the bloodshed.

But Puzo has not altogether invented social crime. The mobsters, themselves, were swept up and carried away by the new ethic awareness that was part legacy and part backlash to the black rights movement. Joseph Colombo organized the Italian-American Civil Rights League and Joey Gallo was reputed to be reviving the Americans of Italian Descent.

Essential to the concept of new folk hero is that gangsters do not harm the innocent. We are told that they are not as publicly malicious as ITT or as criminal as the Department of Defense with its war against the innocent in Southeast Asia. Most gang violence, it is said, stems from jurisdictional rivalry, family fights for power that do not touch the average public citizen. There is some substance to the analogy with business corporatism. Yet to envision gambling and prostitution (among other activities) as innocent and voluntary is pure sentimentality. My involvement fighting labor racketeering in the 1950's did not bear out this sentimentality. Real, tough heroic rank-and-file union members were threatened, and one member of our little group (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) was shot five times in the head. Not for raping or seducing innocent girls or pushing dope, but merely for leading a union democratic reform movement. So much for "clean" crime.

Worse still, we are told that organized crime is part and parcel of the American way of life. Pete Hamill remarks that organized crime is essential to the United States, and although China does not tolerate gangsters, could any sensible, sophisticated person tolerate living in China? Indeed, one does feel sympathy in *The Godfather* for the Corleones for beating poverty. But at whose expense?

One should not be so cavalier about crime and capitalism. Organized crime is social pathology, not an inverted form of social justice. As Oscar Lewis noted, there is relatively little pathology among the poor in socialistic countries. That observation should make us question whether such social pathology is necessary. Surely, it has always been a puzzle to me why law enforcement agencies such as the F.B.I. have never been able to destroy the Mafia, when they have done a remarkable job in rendering "anti-American" groups such as the Communist Party impotent. But, then again, it depends on one's point of view.

The unhappy fact is that the silent majority considers the gangster in the American grain and the radical an alien. The American gangster *is* the Horatio Alger hero, Henry Ford, Andrew Carnegie and the other robber barons who made it the hard way. That this is a mythology which does not fit the reality does not appear important.

And now the American gangster sports a new image; folk hero with a social consciousness. For me, bring back the Bogarts and Cagneys. At least, those images were more accurate. MAURICE R. BERUBE

(Maurice R. Berube, a writer, is also a lecturer in the Urban Studies Department at Queens College C.U.N.Y.)

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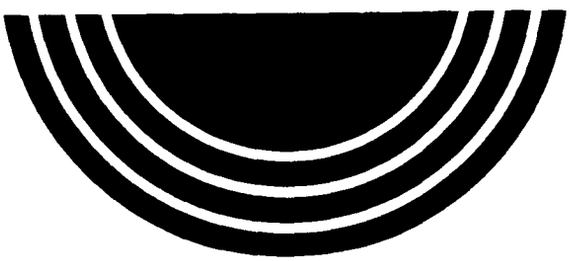
Although this defense is far from undramatic, the filmmaking is often not equal to its drama. The film was shot in eight days on a total budget of $250,000, which explains some of the shortcuts and easy methods used in it. But it is still a cliché to intersplice someone's political rhetoric with gory newsreels of the war. An editorial device that has been used as much as this one cannot move people to genuine feeling anymore. Nor does the acting in the film help matters. Apparently intending to convey the atmosphere of solidarity and fellowship that existed among the defendants, director Gordon Davidson has them exchange meaningful glances constantly, especially when they are on the witness stand. The effect is an impression of smugness and self-congratulation, as if they thought of the trial as a private joke.

Perhaps some of the other Resistance trials had more ostensible drama in them. The Milwaukee Fourteen, for instance, chose to act as their own lawyers, and their defense won such admiration from the court that the judge wept when he had to pronounce sentence. But what this trial, this play and this film have to offer is Daniel Berrigan. He is, the judge says at one point, a "poet." The judge means only that he is an eloquent man, but the observation is true in other senses. Fr. Berrigan is a seer, and this play is his testament as well as his testimony. As a result the film is remarkable despite its shortcomings. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.



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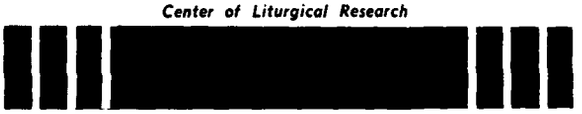

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BRUCE BERGER

BASIC BLUE

Blue. Blue mountains till you get up close.
Blue sea curved past the turquoise you can see
To cobalt that will kill before blue toes
Touch bottom. Pale blue sea-anemone

Eating the passers-by. Blue knives. Blue eyes
Stabbing with candor. Martyrs anointed by blue
Stained glass. Museums of blue as daylight dies.
A long way from what you long for? Are you blue?

Blue headed back to the heart, its veins like a bond
With what inconceivable core? What face would you
Collect from the clear blue sky? The true beyond
Is black, of course, but our planet colors it blue.

● ● ● ● ● ●

N. MICHAEL NIFLIS

SENTIMENTALITY

You might spend a lifetime
looking for someone
who wants to hold you
rib-bending tight

at the precise moment
you fly this place to God
know where.
Yet how
many of us will get off the ground
in time with our looking?

Does my sentimentality
seem too sharp?
Good. My point
must not be dulled by indirection.

Some think a poem must sneak
up on us in stocking feet
with its sentimental onions

like a logician
with a bedside manner
in order to avoid
offending the delicate reader
grown fastidious
with much reading.

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BOOKS

Living the Jesuit life

Jesuit Child

MACDONALD HASTINGS

St. Martin's, $7.95

Living to Beat Hell

JOSEPH T. McGLOIN, S. J.

Prentice-Hall, $6.95

GERARD REEDY

Four years ago, in a late Advent evening, the Rector of a major Jesuit theologate launched his subjects on their Christmas holiday with a moving address. It was the task of this generation of Jesuits, he said, to guide the church into the secular age. However hubristic, it was a charismatic moment for many of us present. A hard task this, but idealistic enough to kindle the imagination: a new campaign, not to search and destroy, but to enter into an experience the dimensions of which we could only guess. With imagined cannon to the right of us, we recalled that the *fundador* was, after all, a soldier. In that evening, for a moment, the metaphors came alive.

Of the two authors under consideration, only Macdonald Hastings would have felt comfortable that night. An old boy of Stonyhurst, a "Jesuit child," Hastings fears for the Jesuits' present state. "After four hundred years in which they have been the militants of Catholicism they find themselves butting their heads, not into a hangman's noose anymore, but a soft pilllow." In community life, he feels, the Jesuits have become "increasingly ineffective." "Their place, as it always was, is *in* the undiscovered world." To guide the church into the secular age.

Hastings qualifies his criticism with a deep love of the Jesuits and their history. Two-thirds of *Jesuit Child* narrates high points in Jesuit history. The author skillfully chooses actions and chapters of Jesuitica which subtly metonymize his theme: the strength of the Jesuits has always been in a resourceful, disciplined, highly intellectualized individualism. His heroes: Xavier, whom he regards as father to the spirit of the Jesuits; Matteo Ricci, "an intellectual giant;" Jogues, Kino, the founders of the Paraguay reductions; the multi-costumed diplomat, Possevino; and even the much maligned Bourbon confessors, "whose sin was the arrogance of culture . . . because they expected kings and queens to obey unwelcome moralities." Hastings pays little attention to traditional, personal "piety" ("in public it is a bit of a bore") and dismisses Aloysius and Stanislaus in a few words.

Hastings' love-hate relationship with Ignatius shows how deeply he enters into his subject. About a quarter of *Jesuit Child* is autobiography: its author has left organized religion yet longs for its wholeness. After a self-imposed hermitage in the Seychelles, Hastings feels a mystical entente with the Ignatius of Manresa. By comparing his and Ignatius' experiences of personal darkness, he can explain much away psychologically. Also, he feels that Ignatius, unlike Xavier, was a medieval man. But the mystery of the founder still nags at Hastings. He is irreverent and mildly cynical, though never rationalistic. In favor of his honesty, one notes that Hastings examines his own spiritual progress with the same bittersweet attitude.

Joseph McGloin's book is also the autobiography of one whose self-understanding involves understanding the Society of Jesus. Unfortunately, McGloin's understanding of both appears either not very deep or consciously oversimplified. In the background is some imagined audience where the author very much wants to be one of the guys. His diction is often vulgar (e.g., "booze," "bummed off," "hooey"); but these lapses stand out unfairly when compared so immediately with Hasting's Stonyhurst accents. McGloin backs away repeatedly from serious analysis of the very problems he brings up concerning Catholic education, adolescent behavior, and the identity of the contemporary Jesuit. The reader asks whether the author truly understands what he writes about so confidently.

Living to Beat Hell carries on where the author's earlier *I'll Die Laughing* left off. McGloin takes us through the early days of his priesthood in Denver and into his prime as writer on the West Coast and elsewhere. He is, in general, charitable towards the more problematic superiors and fellow Jesuits he has encountered. He has the admirable gift of chuckling at himself, surely a gift more Jesuits need if they are to guide the church anywhere. With too much modesty, McGloin relates his successes with the Sodality in Denver: he once successfully led a drive to collect one million cancelled postal stamps for the missions. From his side remarks, it is clear that many of the young men and women he engaged in such activities have survived to play more substantial roles in the church.

In the present, McGloin is against polls, nuns and priests in lay clothes, the media, words like "inner city" and "involvement," and much else. He has, alas, the unpleasant habit of doubting the masculinity of those male religious he conceives to be his opponents, a ploy which always makes one more concerned for the writer than for his intended satiric objects. McGloin's brawny spirituality leaves little room for the eccentric and the offbeat, for, in Hastings' words, "the awkwardness of individuality." He is, in many ways, a Jesuit Agnew.

Ignatius, McGloin tells us, has played a large part in his life too: his books are based "on *The Spiritual Exercises*

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of a friend of mine named St. Ignatius," also referred to as "a GI named Ignatius." At key points in *Living to Beat Hell,* McGloin quotes his GI friend's spirit and words; he does not give, alas, signs of successful digestion. One may cite his frank anti-intellectualism: "Believe me, that 'S. J.' is the only degree I ever care to write after my name." In this, of course, he disagrees with the life and spirit of his GI friend, who cared very much to become a Master of Arts at Paris, at great personal effort, in his mid-thirties.

American Jesuits have been encouraged for decades to have good universities add more initials to their names. Hastings, not McGloin, pinpoints the necessary project now: how to encourage the individual Jesuit to take off more creatively, more on his own? In recent years the structure has given the individual far greater opportunity to dress, live, and work in ways he feels best. Perhaps individualism is again coming into style. The spirit of Possevino seems, with a Jesuit in Congress, a little more alive. But individualism has to be a jealous god to be itself. More unpleasant battles surely will follow. But the hard-fought permissions and inevitable misunderstandings testify, in the last analysis, to an indomitable vitality: said to be dying in vocations and institutions and here we are alive, to paraphrase the Apostle, thought most sad in our late searching, and here we are always rejoicing.

Lloyd George: A Diary by Frances Stevenson

A. J. P. TAYLOR, ED

Harper & Row, $10

ANNE FREMANTLE

"What is love?" Shakespeare asked, and answered by defining what it is not: not hereafter. This diary, of the day-to-day relationship between "the most fascinating, because the most elusive, of twentieth century British statesmen" David Lloyd George, kept by his "devoted mistress and confidential secretary" is a unique document. Frances Stevenson wrote in 1914 "I am to make a diary." Three years before, she had spent the summer tutoring Megan, Lloyd George's daughter, then aged nine. The next year Lloyd George invited Frances "to become his secretary on his own terms which were in direct conflict with my essentially Victorian upbringing." These she accepted at Christmas, 1912, and her intimacy with Lloyd George ended only with his death in 1945 (they were married in 1943).

He was called the Welsh Wizard by his friends, the Goat by his enemies, and was immortalized in one paragraph of Maynard Keynes' lapidary prose. He was Prime Minister from 1916 to 1922 but thereafter never held any office again, though he was only fifty-nine when he fell from power. His private life was epitomized by his nicknames. He was a wizard to be involved with so many women and still keep his political position (he was no more faithful to Frances than to his wife) and he was indeed a goat, as, among many others, his son described him. "A womanizer on a gargantuan scale," the Provost of University College, London, wrote of him recently.

Frances was twenty-five years his junior. She took a classics degree at London University, then taught school. Her intelligent, single-minded devotion blossoms on every page of this diary, even on days when all she records is: "C (for Chancellor of the Exchequer, a post held by Lloyd George from 1908-1915) and I had a very primitive dinner together at No. 11 which is under repair. . . . Winston has returned from Antwerp, admitting failure" (October 9, 1914). All the tensions, the cross-purposes, the infighting among the Allies, all here set down in black and white, all infused by Frances' love. "Haig does not care how many men he loses. He just squanders the lives of these boys," Lloyd George tells Frances on 15 January, 1915. Two weeks later "D" (for David) moves from No. 11 Downing Street to No. 10 as Prime Minister and Frances is indignant. "They did not bother to get a comfortable room ready for him and the first night he came down to my office to work after dinner. The second night he did not go up to dinner at all as he and Mrs. Ll G. were not on speaking terms." Yet when Frances is told by D that Lord Carson had said "the reason I like Lloyd George is that he always puts his cards on the table" she told him "That is all very well—you may put your cards on the table, but you take care to keep one or two up your sleeve in case of emergency." She sees everything in terms of how it affects D. "April 9, 1917. America has decided to come in and D feels that it is a piece of good luck."

He was truly a radical, with a Welsh Nonconformist's dislike of the Established Church. When Kitchener told him it was impossible to send Nonconformist chaplains (Methodists, Baptists, etc.) to the front, Lloyd George told him that all the Nonconformists asked was "to be treated as were the native Indian troops, the Sikhs and Gurkhas, who were allowed to have priests of their own faith in their regiment." Kitchener gave in, and asked Lloyd George to send him "a list of these denominations." Nor did D care for royalty, and even admitted treating the King badly. "many a letter from GR (George V) he never answered, and once he even forgot an appointment with him," writes Frances.

The juxtaposition of private, cosy intimacy and top-table playing is continuously fascinating. D goes to Savoy to meet the Italians and try and persuade them to agree to a separate peace with Austria. No go. He comes back and "we went down to Walton heath and had a perfect weekend. I do not think we have ever loved each other so much." D asks Frances, "If I would come with him if he went. He begged me not to stay behind, and I promised him . . . unless I have any children of his to claim me." (But when he went, she remained, and still does.) During the Coal Strike in 1921, "D picked the bluebells for me in Richmond Park." During the series of debates on Ireland in 1921, Frances and the PM spent "a heavenly week together at Chequers" though later a "divine weekend" is somewhat marred by Megan who is "rather troublesome" re-

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senting "things being in my hands." She was "very cross and rude." Later still, Lady Astor is asked "not to come here again" owing to the insulting things she had said. And all the time Frances is immensely competent. She squirreled away the only surviving copy of the Beauvais document (signed by Pershing, Petain, Haig, etc.) by which Foch was empowered in 1918 to coordinate the action of the Allied armies. She also kept the Articles of Agreement for a Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland after they were signed on 6 December 1921, until after D's death, when the cabinet office got them back.

It is hardly necessary to add that his book is brilliantly edited, referenced, indexed, and has excellent illustrations.

What a lucky man was D. What an enchanting woman Frances! And what a delight to read about both.

Hide Fox, and All After

RAFAEL YGLESIAS

Doubleday, $5.95

Passing Go

KEN SCHIFF

Dodd, Mead, $5.95

The Friends of Eddie Coyle

GEORGE V. HIGGINS

Knopf, $5.95

JOHN DRUSKA

Here are three first novels: one written by an un-underprivileged teenage dropout; one by a Maine commune-ist still two years on the hip side of 30; the last by an Assistant U.S. Attorney, an ancient born in 1939. Judging by these works, we might conclude that a novelist's life begins at least near 30.

The jacket flap of Rafael Yglesias' *Hide Fox, and All After* tells us his novel "was written at the age of fifteen." Unfortunately, Yglesias' grammar isn't much better at times, and his style constantly distracts us from his story.

Yglesias writes of Raul, who is fourteen, and Alec, his older friend, both students at New York's prestigious Cabot School. The two grow into an elite twinship founded on their precocious skills, and their lead roles in the school's production of *Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead*, parts they act outside the theater as well.

But they are also opposites: Alec the promiscuous lover and Raul the alienated poet. Alec's jealousy over one of his girls and Raul's failure to get a lead in *Othello* finally curtail the friendship and Raul's formal education.

Yglesias distances himself from Raul a few times, but for the most part we get a Raul's-eye view of his experience. Rather, a Raul's-mouth version, for Yglesias feeds us much more information than he tries to dramatize, and the other characters read more as roles interpreted by Raul than as persons a novelist has given life. Because of this there's a large credibility gap between what we're asked to accept as happening and what is made actual for us. We keep finding dense sentences that attempt to sum up things—like Alec's sexual prowess—which we feel, as a result, twice removed from. Only parts of the private rehearsal scenes start to grip us in the semblance of a realized action, perhaps because the play is the emotional and metaphorical center of the book for Yglesias as well as for Raul.

The narrative's monotonous style is thick with awkward-sounding participles, and adverbs used as instant emotional code. On page 31, a kind of prose nadir, we discover "Raul curling up in the corner of the booth, his left eye twitching, shoulders hunched, mumbling incoherently of thieves." Quite talented shoulders. After a needless modal switch ("would let" for "let"), Raul is "laughing huskily" while Alec "fixedly stared" and "rigidly turned."

All this is unfortunate for Yglesias has a good target in the presumptions and pretensions about adolescence that our educational systems foster. His slight characterization of the headmaster Henderson, who of the adults comes closest to dealing with Raul's concerns, does begin to probe the nerves of this problem and its complexity. But in Raul's despair and the book's finale, Yglesias' concerns are reduced to the usual dichotomies, focused in I vs. Them.

It's a little too easy to say this isn't bad work for a fifteen-year old, as that jacket note might inspire us to do; or to link Raul's creation of his self-imagery with John Hawkes, whose praise of Yglesias the back of the jacket quotes.

But Doubleday has published this book at $5.95 and it is evident Raul's self-imagery doesn't reveal itself with the same scenic intensity that the baroque rhetoric of a Hawkes' hero can evoke. If Doubleday's attitude was that the manuscript wasn't bad coming from a fifteen-year old, and this justified the apparent lack of editorial judgment exercised upon it, the least Doubleday could do for the book's audience is hand out free copies and let the crowd share in the corporate indulgence.

Twenty-eight-year-old Ken Schiff's *Passing Go* is a lower-keyed, but more successfully ambitious novel. Here a first-person narrator is the story's hero, yet Schiff the author stays in precise control of the material throughout. He shows us actions with a suggestive economy and as the multiple times of the narrative keep intersecting in the hero's mind we grow more interested in what the details are moving toward, and more aware of the narrator's condition.

The hero is a mental patient who would have been a college freshman had he not indirectly caused his sister's death and driven a car into the ocean in an effort to kill himself. We meet him as he moves from the Locked Ward to a low-security house, where he gradually gets to know the suicidal Ava, a girl about his age. His love for her helps moderate his distress over his sister Adrienne.

The novel is his journal, kept in a composition book he receives when he leaves the Locked Ward. The form never seems more than the convention Schiff needs to tell his story his way. It's hardly as intriguing as Jack Matthews' heroes keeping journals because old Miss Temple told them to in school, but it's functional anyway; and the journal's action is interesting enough

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to make us not care about the practicalities of journal-writing.

The story, or stories, whose fragments we connect by our reading, tell of the narrator's intimacy with Adrienne, a quixotic and incomplete trip West he takes with his friend Smalley after Adrienne's death, the history of his own crackup and present activity, and a recurrent dream-narrative about a quest for the idyllic greengrowers, who send him on to the shore-people and the sea.

Reminiscent as certain scenes are of Faulkner, Kesey, Salinger, and others, Schiff still pulls most of it off with his own cast. He gets us into the concrete sense the narrator has of his life, past and present, so that we feel things as Schiff's prose does—as if handling the world's particulars to freshen them again. Though it's a fragile sense we share, one that often seems on the verge of being a little too precious and crumbling in our hands.

What holds the book together, and makes it Schiff's own, is the way his hero, in the course of defining his own sanity, allows the other characters to exist as human beings rather than serve as receptors or reflectors for his personality; and the way Schiff is able to show us how they exist, the resonance his control creates. This is as true for possible villains—the insecure Dr. Post, Adrienne's indecisive fiancé—as for the narrator's friends. Schiff insists on dealing not with people reduced to dichotomies, but with persons linked by blood or accident, who need to define themselves in relationship to each other. The anonymity of the dialogue, where there is hardly any *naming* of others, underscores the isolation they struggle against.

Because the relationships keep the book taut and real, the last part, when the narrator hides out with Smalley and they plan an escape by boat, seems too slack. It tries to tie up everything too easily—action and metaphor made complete, characters manipulated rather than watched. In a similar way the narrative time-shifts become too pat by the end of the book, like mechanical signals to show us things we've already internalized. Maybe much of the greengrowers bit works this way too, and Schiff doesn't need so much of the fantasy quest to convince us of the truth in his hero's madness.

Clearly the ghost of Adrienne and the person of Ava most attract the narrator and our interest. And Adrienne's old bogeyman, Slickey the Moaney, slinks ahead of him and us, across the book. Through these figures Schiff realizes for us the death and the healing implicit in human touch. Even with a sparser narration and less juggling of his literary real estate, Schiff could reasonably have bet that he, with his characters, would pass Go.

The Friends of Eddie Coyle, and Eddie himself, are less concerned with Go than with Jail. They are playing a different game, one with its own strict rules.

George V. Higgins' novel introduces us to some of the people who keep the rules, and some who suffer because they betray the game. The story is shaped about a Boston gang's attempt to pull off a string of foolproof bankrobberies, Eddie Coyle serving as a key liaison with gun-supply man Jackie Brown.

Jackie gains a year in age and experience in the course of the book, during which he turns from Eddie's supplier to the scapegoat for Eddie's purchase of his freedom. Meanwhile Eddie, a wrinkled left hand to show for a previous mistake, ironically turns from an agent for his gangland cronies to a suspect traitor without friends. He ends up paying more for the role he's assumed to compromise the cops than for anything he actually does.

Higgins' novel creates a field of cross-purposes, punctuated as usual by death, while his elliptical narration of the story catches the ambience of underworld friendship, where expedience breeds trust, and hearsay truth, both for criminals among their own and for those gangsters who need to traffic with the police to insure their tentative safety.

The story is mainly about an ethos, so the characters exist chiefly to illustrate that ethos. Higgins intends Eddie's circular history as a kind of type of the subculture Eddie inhabits. As, among Eddie's friends, Jackie is another type, Dillon—that master of oblique information and direct vengeance—another, and the rest still others.

In their shared sports-, sex-, and car-centered context, the cops and criminals assume roles cast into episodes that we know recur as a sort of hypnotic *danse macabre*, in which one man's movements are always part of a performance larger than anyone. Higgins' prose details concisely this hyper-masculine world. His dialogue—often more evasion than connection—seldom sounds excessive, even in Dillon's long-winded tales. It sounds credible as the language of seamy and hazardous diplomacy endemic to the world of Eddie and his friends.

The book is so severely limited to this world that after a while a good hunch or two makes Eddie's fate apparent, and the novel turns into a ritual exercise in ironies. Higgins' insistence on working out the ironies via the limited postures his characters take to grate occasionally, almost as if we see him making his people play Hollywood roles in their lives. There's only so much that can happen to men who define their lives by these roles. But the book is no less valid for this reason.

We know too well that Eddie and his friends' ethos is a viable one for many of us; and little more than a kinch-thin convention or two—the kind a good fight at a Bruins game can erase—separates this ethos from others of the so-called straight world. Higgins' book is a competent and creditable dramatization of this paralyzing viability. It's not concerned with much more than one cycle in a monotony of crime-cycles, but it makes us believe what it chooses to show us. To achieve this within a purposely limited scope

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REVIEWERS

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makes the work no less an achievement of its kind. Even if the author is 33 by now and this fact begs our faith in him.

Priests in the United States: Reflections on a Survey

ANDREW M. GREELEY

Doubleday, $5.95

PHILIP J. MURNION

The common complaint of researchers is that their studies and findings are: (a) ignored, (b) misunderstood, (c) misused, or (d) some combination of the above. This problem of translating research into policy is all the more poignant in an organization where both the independent competence of the professional has no secure legitimacy and the subject of the research has only obliquely been defined as a social "issue," as contrasted with the "troubles" of individuals (to use C. Wright Mills' distinction). These are the problems to which Father Andrew Greeley addresses his most recent book.

Having been commissioned to contribute a sociological investigation of American Catholic priests to a multidisciplinary study sponsored by the bishops, Father Greeley anticipates that his work will face all of these problems. Consequently, he decided to put forth a clear statement of ninety-six findings from his survey research, assembled under thirteen headings, speculate on their meaning and significance, and make some recommendations. In doing so he has written another very readable book combining the kind of "balance" that is the burden of anyone who has studied a matter thoroughly, with the more aggressive and highly personal tone that has recently characterized his writing. Having seen only the preliminary report prepared for the bishops, not the full study which is to appear shortly, I feel convinced that anyone interested in the study would do well to spend their time with this short volume instead. It is pointed, provocative and insightful, if more than occasionally contentious.

It may be fair to say that Father Greeley focuses on the emotional, spiritual, theological, and organizational resources of today's priests, and on elements of these areas relevant to priests' resignations. His findings suggest that priests enjoy a moderate amount of these resources, but that the resources are poorly integrated and insufficiently energized for the particularly demanding tasks facing priests today. In citing these findings, Greeley confirms some common expectations, qualifies others and rejects still others. Thus he finds that seminaries were poor preparation for current priesthood but not as responsible for priests' emotional difficulties as frequently asserted or as early family life turned out to be.

Similarly, he finds that priests read more extensively than many thought, but appear to lack the internalized and adequately articulated theologico-ascetical convictions that would enable them to negotiate the role-transformation they are experiencing. He finds little interest among priests in doing away with authority but considerable dissatisfaction, especially among the younger priests, with exercise of authority and disaffection from the positions asserted by superiors. At the same time, he finds that these superiors, the bishops, tend to be more liberal on social and ecumenical matters, and more conservative than their priests regarding matters of faith and sexual morality.

While asserting that questions of church structure appear to have little salience in explaining satisfaction or dissatisfaction, Father Greeley does find that the structure of relationships is not sufficiently supportive for priests and that consequent loneliness is a major problem seriously affecting priests' decisions to resign their office. In this, he confirms the findings of a National Federation of Priests Councils' study, and, inferentially, Eugene Schallert's conclusions that the response to a priest by some "other" who is "significant" for him helps to explain his remaining or resigning. While agreeing in a modest way that some form of optional

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celibacy may be desirable, it is in this area of relationships that the book is at its weakest. This also reflects the limitations of his restricting the sociological input to survey research. For an analysis of the relationship structure that both has shifted from a formal to an appreciably more informal pattern, and, consequently, has become out-of-phase with existing ecclesiastical structures might have shed more light on some problems affecting the experience and exercise of ministry. The church needs some models for institutionalizing a condition of greater independence among priests, forced to work out and appropriate more adequate theological perspectives, more personal ministerial expertise. The greater intelligence, conviction and prayerfulness, which Father Greeley finds necessary for priests are not simply a prerequisite for ministry, but will also depend on our ability to develop ways for sharing the Spirit and skills.

Father Greeley expresses a mixture of hope and despair; the latter especially in the book's constant pessimism that anything significant will be done, the former particularly in his writing the book at all. This effort of hope has served us well if priests do not continue to rival the poor as favorite study-targets, generally not helped by the consequences of these studies. The outcome depends on the will of the church to assume its responsibility for its immediate future.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 323)

to its spiritual needs know: What a priest is? What he should be? What a priest should do? (One of my parishioners wanted to know why since I was the priest there wasn't any holy water in the holy water fonts the previous Sunday.) What should be expected of a priest?

Lastly. What in a Christian community can be allowed to exist from the bottom up rather than from the top down?

I would say: Let's elect Bishops *now?*

I really don't know. But the present system is horrible!

(REV.) ROLAND J.P.M. INKEL

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors: Father Leland J. White's capable and informative article, "Before We Elect Bishops" [Apr. 14], provided wider vision for those of us interested in the Roman Catholic priesthood.

One point caught my eye that I think Father White passed over too quickly. He writes, "Several difficulties must be faced. First is the theological hesitancy to think of less than a permanent ministry. One need not accept the rather weak reasoning that would make the ordination commitment a temporary one. It is as difficult to concede that the priestly commitment can be temporary as that the marital vow might be such." Father goes on to assert that the other side of the coin, that the commitment made to serve, does not carry with it the right to serve the People of God in an official capacity.

The speed with which a thoughtful and sympathetic exploration of the future priesthood dismisses the concept of a temporary R.C. priesthood is unsatisfying and disturbing.

The arguments in favor of a man's serving faithfully and well for let us say 20 years as a priest in the Catholic church, and then identifying and pursuing his own personal need to follow other interests are not too difficult for the average layman to recognize and accept.

What is difficult for the layman to understand is the force of the other theological arguments that compel the Church to declare, "Thou art a priest forever . . ." The thoughtful layman suspects that the Institution knows how to use Scripture for its own purposes.

What are the arguments that Father White calls "weak" and what precisely is the cause of "theological hesitancy" to accept the best years of a man's life spent in generous and joyful service of God and His People; and then, if he chooses, retire with dignity and honor. He is free now to explore the possibilities of *any* humanizing state in life.

ROBERT T. GILL

Reply

To the Editors: Theologically, it is perhaps fruitful to situate *commitment* within the wider perspective of *conversion*. Not merely a biblical category, but denoting *transformation of the person at once radical, dynamic and permanent*, this term translates the Scholastic and metaphysical conception of habitual or sanctifying grace into contempo-and personal categories. Such translation has the advantage of accounting more adequately for subjectivity by speaking of grace as process and dynamic in personal life. But that, indeed, without sacrificing the objectivity of grace as given, and of this gift, being of God, as the only fully adequate account of the process.

What distinguishes marriage as natural institution from matrimony as sacrament, or office as religious guide from Holy Orders, is this radical transformation, which while never operating apart from man's natural processes, is yet traditionally seen to be first, *sanans*, healing the inherent ambiguities of man's natural commitments, second, *elevans*, raising such commitments to the possibility of figuring and making present the eschatologically triumphant love of God for man in Christ.

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If an *unconditioned* commitment is indeed a natural human impossibility, yet human commitment a *sine qua non* of sacramentality, then it is clear that we may speak of sacrament, sign and presence of not only ours but also of God's *unconditioned* love, only when God's initiative heals the human impossibility and lets arise from it a possibility of His own creation. Thus, theologically, all I indicated by questioning the possibility of a *temporary* commitment in either Matrimony or Holy Orders was whether that grace making *good but conditioned* human relationships to be such effective signs of an *unconditioned* divine relationship can be said to be involved if that conversion in fact does not take place which would transform the conditioned into the unconditioned.

This is not to say that, once transformed, anything other than a human process remains as *that which is transformed.* This implies an openness always to new forms that human experience may dictate *within the context of grace.* Thus, the now unconditioned love might well demand a separation from the beloved, if truly for his own good, and so also a resignation from official service to the church community, if required by that community's welfare. Nor is this to relegate to a subordinate place real personal needs, for even at the psychological level love once entered into involves at least a movement towards an unconditioned even if conditioned forms of realizing it must be employed. So that, even naturally speaking, I am not at all convinced that the man who divorces or resigns from active ministry is not in fact making another conditioned embodiment of what he would like to be (and through God's grace can be actualized) as an unconditioned commitment.

Quite obviously, my analogy in no way depended on the matter of vows, there being no vows operative in ordination to priesthood (as opposed to religious life, an always exceptional qualification of priesthood)! In no way did I imply an intrinsic or even necessarily required relationship of celibacy to priesthood. Not even Pope Paul would assert that! In fact, unless he has taken a private vow (with all the necessary prudence), the diocesan priest today is in no substantial way committed to celibacy at all apart from its inclusion in a present community condition for active and official ministry, a condition I believe should in fact be eliminated. Finally, no one community may propose a norm or pattern of ministry that would dissolve its bond with the church as a whole in all times and places, even though it may include patterns and norms nowhere else in vogue; and all communities must respond to whatever demands faithfulness to the Gospel and a minimal good order in the universal *ecclesia* require, hence the *reciprocal* relationship between hierarchy and community.

(REV.) LELAND J. WHITE

Executive Madness

Medford, Oregon

To the Editors: Your editorial of May 19, 1972, entitled "Worried and Worrisome Nixon," raises some thought-provoking questions concerning the link between the emotional and mental stability of a President—any President, not just Mr. Nixon—and the security and well-being of the world. You quoted the example of the Londoners who feared that an "insecure" President might order terrible and perilous actions against other powers, with grave consequences.

This question of how the sanity and stability of a President—or the lack of it—may affect the execution of his responsibilities is an important one, considering the President's vast power. The actions of this one man, whose war-making power is so great, could be catyclismic if misdirected. And yet, there is little or no discussion of the dangers related to a President's mental incompetence.

I shudder to think what might happen if a President were to become emotionally unstable in office. How could such a latent but potentially dangerous problem be detected and rectified before it was too late? As I understand it, the procedures for ruling a President mentally incompetent and removing him from office are the same as if it were a physical deficiency: an examination by prominent physicians, a discussion and final action in the Congress, and then removal from office. This process could take weeks or months, and all the while, the President would be relatively free to act as he saw fit.

Now, I doubt that a President would ever go insane in office. However, I question the wisdom of giving one person such God-like powers of life and death for millions, when no one knows what effect the burdens of office may have on his stability. I certainly feel that the subject is worthy of further consideration and discussion.

MICHAEL D. FLYTE

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Best Editorial, 1971

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AT THE 62ND Catholic Press Association Convention, which took place in Banff, Alberta, Canada, last month, *Commonweal* won first prize for the best editorial in magazines for 1971. Here is the CPA's statement on the judges' award:

BEST EDITORIAL

"This category, which is traditionally one of the strongest, lived up to its reputation. Perhaps, even surpassed its past. The judges were impressed with the editorials, at the 'range of their concern, at the depth of their discernment, and at the general intellectual level to which they so effortlessly attained.' In this superb group here are the winners:

"Commonweal *for its editorial 'Saga of Shame,' October 22, '71, wins first prize for an 'honest and most moving piece, about perhaps the grisliest story of the year, the situation in Bangladesh.' In a mere three paragraphs, the judges said,* Commonweal *said all that needs to be said about man's inhumanity to man, 'said it graphically and vividly . . . no one who read it could remain unaffected. It is editorial writing at its best.'"*

This is the second consecutive year that *Commonweal* has won the prestigious award for Best Editorial.

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A SAGA OF SHAME

"The most appalling tide of human misery in modern times . . . a saga of shame which should overwhelm the moral sensitivities of people throughout the world. . . . You see infants with their skin hanging loosely in folds from their tiny bones—lacking the strength even to lift their heads. You see children with legs and feet swollen with edema and malnutrition. . . . You see babies going blind for lack of vitamins, or covered with sores that will not heal. You see in the eyes of their parents the despair of ever having their children well again. . . . You see the corpse of the child who died just the night before."

Thus Edward Kennedy described what he had observed on a week's tour of refugee camps in India. There are now approximately nine million people in those camps, and more arrive over the border from East Bengal daily. *A saga of shame which should overwhelm the moral sensitivities of people throughout the world.* Should. But doesn't. For one reason or another, the world seems determined to hide from itself the reality of the terror in East Bengal and the plight of the refugees it has generated. The United Nations once again proves itself unable to confront an issue which does not fit neatly into the categories of the decolonization struggles. The United States identifies its interests with "stability," and "stability" with the brutal repression of a national movement by a military oligarchy within a minority. Peking plays geopolitics. The rest of us turn our heads. Because we don't know what we can do. Or because we fear that the demands, of these fellow men, hungry, ill, and without shelter, upon our consciences and resources would be beyond our willingness to give. Pope Paul appealed for help for the refugees, asking that October 10 be a day of prayer and fasting as a sign of participation in their suffering. *L'Osservatore Romano* treated the matter routinely, as of somewhat less importance than presentation of credentials to the Holy See by the Ambassador from El Salvador. But did any of the rest of us do better?

The shame which should overwhelm American moral sensitivities is particularly sharp. The violence the West Pakistan military government wreaked upon the Bengalis was, in sizable measure, done with American military equipment, equipment which, incredibly enough, has continued to be shipped to the Pakistan forces. The various alibis—from bureaucratic necessity to the desire to maintain "influence" and "leverage" so as to modify West Pakistan's repressiveness—are almost as shocking as the plain fact itself. Behind these rationalizations, destined only to deceive ourselves, the U.S. is making a choice in Southern Asia: for an authoritarian regime, for the inevitably cruel occupation of East Bengal by the West Pakistanis, against a nationalist movement, and even against India. Our leaders, we hope, will spare us the sophistry of saying we do this in the name of a post-Vietnam policy of non-intervention. They are not being called upon to intervene for Bangla Desh; nothing would be more distressing than to learn of covert involvement in the simmering civil war there. Washington is not being asked to break with Islamabad. It should simply reduce U.S. complicity to a minimum, letting the West Pakistan government take this gesture however it wishes; and begin bailing out India for its generosity to the refugees, not West Pakistan for its violence.

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